A-10-1460877

THE MICROSCOPE.

"To lash the rascals naked through the world."

LOUISVILLE.....SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1824.

☞NOTICE.☜

For the convenience of correspondents, a *communication box*, is placed at the window of the Office, No. 12 Van Buskirk's Row, 3d cross street,

NATIONAL—Under this head, we shall from time to time, give little sketches, of characters and transactions, at the City of Washington.

THE STATES.

Maine—No news. N. Hampshire—do: Massachusetts—The election in this state takes place this month, and no doubt, will terminate in favor of the good old Republican cause of '76. Rhode Island—no news. Connecticut—do. Vermont do. N. York—The Presidential election, seems to be the only topic in this state at present.-She has a large vote to give her favorite. The *Quids* have been shuffling to get it into the scale with Crawford, but the people have disappointed them. It is not yet positively known, whether Mr. Adams, or Mr. Clay, will be the choice of the people of this great state, but it is now certain that one or the other, of these two great Statesmen will be selected. N. Jersey—no news. Pennsylvania—At Philadelphia the small pox, like a Vulture. is still picking up a victim. Delaware. no news. Maryland—At Baltimore, the *Greek-Boy* seems to have engrossed all their attention and generosity. What is a Greek boy, more than an American boy? Now we think, that the Baltimorians would have acted wiser, by selecting as an object of their unbounded generosity, some poor "*Orphan Boy*," whose father fought and *DIED*, in the defence of that City on the memorable 11th of September 1814. ☞Many such *Orphans* there are now in *indigence*. But Goody Harper is climbing into office again, and must needs *Ride the Greek Boy*. Virginia—A very considerable part of this state is in favor of Mr. Clay. N. Carolina do. S. Carolina do. Georgia do. Ohio—Clay & Adams. Indiana—Adams is the people's choice in this state; they intend to make a canal round the falls, when they get able—so will I pay my debts, said Dick. Illinois no news.-Tennesee do. Alabama do. Louisiana—Orleans, dull markets, and very much infested by *Black-legs*.

Honest men look out!—We understand, from good authority, that a Boat has recently arrived from below, with a full cargo of *Black-legs*, without any special consignment. We confidently hope, that this *Cargo* may be entitled to *draw-back*, as the market of our Town has, for some time, been glutted with this kind of commodity.

O SHAME! WHERE IS THY BLUSH!

We have it from good authority, that certain gentlemen denominated the "*First Class*," not an hundred miles from Vevay, Indiana, after having satiated their licentious appetites on the virtue, beauty, and charms, of an unfortunate female within the sanctuary of their own houses; and when the "*thing come out*," they drove her from the town, during a storm of rain—pennyless and friendless, she remained on the bank of the river, exposed to a whole night's rain, and was rescued in the morning by the humanity of a family descending the river.—"Call you this backing your friends."

"MONSIEUR VATCH! MONSIEUR VATCH!"

We are requested to caution, all and every person, old and young, tall and great, that the rigid penalties of the law, will be enforced upon them, if they do not desist from the horrible practice of hanging *dead Dogs* at the citizens doors—particularly on Jefferson street, not a thousand miles from the steam mill. It was but three nights ago, there had been a large *black Mastiff* killed, and forsooth, how was he to be disposed of?—why only hang it up [illegible] was managed so well, that upon opening the door of the house, Gods! what a sight! a dog, as though [illegible] the act of swallowing you up, [illegible] the gentleman, as he rose in the morning, went to open his door, but at the very moment, he looked up, started back, & exclaimed—

"Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n or blasts from hell,
Be thy int[illegible]
Thou standest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee."

Alas! the poor animal made no reply—at length, the gentleman perceiving the spirit did not vanish, roared out *Mr. Watch! Mr. Watch!*—in a few moments up comes the Watch, and says he—"Vell sar, vat you want wid me—sar, by gar, you must not hollow so—I thought the *maison* was on fire, dat you make such a t———n noise"—and off he went, and left the dog and the poor man to settle the affair.

THE THEATRE.

Re-opens on *This Evening*, with the admired drama of the *Snow Storm*, and the petit comedy of *How to die for Love*. The manager says, "that the few remaining benefit nights of this season, will be taken up at such intervals as will accord with the time to make the representations respectable and worthy of patronage." We hope Mr. Drake, will meet with that support which he has always merited, since he has been among us.

☞TIM TICKLER, intends to take his station each night, with his Concave Glasses, in the 2d tier of boxes, to "catch the living manners as they rise."

FUN! FUN!!

We understand, that one of the greatest *Cock-Fights* which this place ever witnessed, is to take place on Monday next, at which we expect all the *Black-Legs, and high combed Cocks* of the surrounding country to be present.

COUNTERHOPPERS AND QUILL-DRIVERS, AHOI!

"*Capulet forbear—Paris let loose your hold.*"

We would merely remind certain Clerks, &c. of a few stores on Main street [illegible] in the intent of placing boxes, in the centre of the pavement, for the sole purpose of creating mirth, that from and after this time, if they do not attend to their employers interests as clerks should do, they will be exposed—They are known, and do not reside an hundred miles from the post-office. It was but a few evenings since, that a gentleman of some business, was coming down street, in a great haste, and what do you think reader he met with—why a *skinned shin and a bloody nose*. Now this is going too far; how many persons, would have met with the same fate had they been travelling the same road—We again say, they must hawl in their "mainsails," and "tack about."

PORT OF LOUISVILLE.

April 14, Arrived Keel boat Ignorance, Convex, master, from Vevay, Indiana, cargo, wine and grapes, for our market.

April 15, Sawyer, Convenience, master, from Philadelphia, cargo, Concave glasses for our market.

April 12, Departed. steam boat Miami, for Cincinnati cargo, horses and rope dancers.

Louisville Theatre

JEFFERSON STREET.

THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, APRIL 17,

Will be presented, the admired Drama, of the

Snow Storm, or, the Siberian Exile

Previous to the Drama, the petit comedy of

HOW TO DIE FOR LOVE.

☞For characters, &c. see bills of the day.

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TEMPLE OF APOLLO.

From the Port Folio of Timothy Tightlace, Esq.

Ode to Delia, of——

O! Delia, long lov'd virtuous maid,
With all thy smiling charms,
If thou through life's eventful day
Would deign to bless my arms.

In future years should noble youths,
Admiring read of thee:—
And shepherds should thy beauties sing,
Beneath the *Hawthorn tree.*

While o'er the rich and haughty Lords,
Oblivion roll'd his waves,
And Kings and mighty monarchs slept,
Forgotten in their graves.

For the Microscope.

Doleful Stanzas of a Dyer to his Wife.

My wife has *died* and gone to dust,
The thing is strange to me;
Yet not a soul alive, I trust,
E'er *dy'd* so much as she.

To *dye*, indeed was all her pride,
For three-score years and four:
She *dyed* each day; she liv'd and *died*,
When she could live no more.

When she grew old, I know not why,
Her *dying* days were past,
And so, for want of cloth to *dye*,
She *died* herself at last.

C——H——.

For the Microscope.

TWO WONDERFUL SIGHTS!

Says Will to Tom, the other day,
As I was loitering in a lane
Down by the shore, I saw a *house*
Fly through a window's broken pane.

Tush, man, a stranger sight than that
I met this morning, Tom replied;
I swear I saw a winged *horse*
Fly o'er a river three miles wide.

Now, Mr. Timmy, what think you,
Believe or not, *they both said true.*

C——H——.

For the Microscope.

How egregiously mistaken was Pope, when he asserted

"Whoever thinks a *perfect* work to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

A young gentleman, the other day, on taking his leave of his landlady, with whom he had unfortunately some *sharp* words, wrote the following lines:

The poor have some things perfect—some the rich;
And here's our landlady, a *perfect* *****!

C——H——.

For the Microscope.

GOING! GOING!! GONE!!!

Mr. Tim Tickler, Sir—'Tother day my attention was attracted by a pretty good looking man, riding along the street, and when he arrived at a corner, he broke forth in the following poetic strain—

"So they say—here's a gray,
That eats hay—and can neigh,
As well as *any other bay.*"

Dang my skin, if I did'nt think that would do pretty well—I'll wager a fippenny-bit, he's all the way from Varmont—but says I you ought to have a patent right—then says he,

"A patent right—So I might,
Give me a pen—I'll rite this night."

Lord! thinks I, how this fellow does belch poet-ry—Next time I hear him, I'll take notes of the same, and you shall have them to publish.

TIMOTHY TWIST.

No. 16 1-2, Buckeye Alley, sign of the Lame-horse.

O! YES GENTLEMENS! O! YES!!

WANTED—Cash will be given for One Cart Load of *Straw* to stop the mouths of several SOOTY GENTLEMEN, who go bawling about the Streets—"De Auctioner is on de bench, wid de hammer in he hand; and if you want to make your fortune, now's de time—come in gemmen, make your bid, &c." Those who have the above article for sale, will find a purchaser, without getting one of those *gentlemen* to proclaim it, at No. 16 1-2 Buckeye Alley, sign of the Lame-horse, by

TIMOTHY TWIST.

Selected for the Microscope.

"In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et [illegible],
Et smokem, toastum, roastum [illegible],
Fee faw fum."

Psalmanazar.

One of the greatest sources of amusement, incidental to our humorous knight-errantry, is to ramble about and hear the various conjectures of the town respecting our worships, whom every body pretends to know as well as Falstaff did Prince Hal, at Gadshill. We have sometimes seen a sapient sleepy fellow, on being tickled with a straw, make a furious effort and fancy he had fairly caught a Gnat, in his grasp, so that many headed monster, the public, who with all its heads, is, we fear, sadly off for brains; has, after long hovering, come souse down like a King-fisher, on the sapient editors of ——and caught them as certainly——as the aforesaid fellow caught the gnat. Would to god, that we were rich enough to give every one of our numerous readers a cent as a reward for their ingenuity? Not that they have really conjectured within a thousand leagues of the truth, but that we consider it a great stretch of ingenuity, even to have guessed wrong, and that we hold ourselves much obliged to them, for having condescended to guess at all.

Carefully revised and corrected, by

LINKUM FIDELUS.

For the Microscope.

"TOM AND JERRY."

I have observed, that there are a vast quantity of the above named *high*—no—Sugar Loaf hats, commonly called Tom and Jerry go—I have it from unquestionable authority, that there are 3 or 400 Ladies' Tom and Jerry Flats, which are expected to arrive daily—and intended expressly for the Belles of our town.—"What will Mrs. Grundy say to this."

Please stick this in some corner of your useful *Microscope.* Yours truly,

TIMOTHY TIGHTLACE, Esq.

A certain Doctor was met by a friend the other day in the street, and while chatting, another Doctor rode by, mounted on a fine horse; "dont you think," said the friend, "that's a fine horse, doctor?" "Yes, yes," replied the Doctor, "I think he may pass for a fine *Horse-doctor.*"

Agents! Agents!—We are happy to have it in our power to say, that we have agents—one in the East, one in the West, one in the North and one in the South corners of Lexington.....At Frankfort *two*, one in the North and the other in the South. They will assiduously attend to the duties conferred upon them—*Argol*, and also a variety of others, in the small Towns of this state. We have furnished them with the necessary *Glasses* of inspection.

To Correspondents—The effusions of "Marcus," are rather too coarse, and his strains too wild, for the present tone of the public fiddle—we cannot insert it. 'Moses,' is under consideration, as also 'Squire Smoothface,' they may appear anon—'Priscilla's complaint, came too late for this week, but shall be attended to next.—'Osgood,' is informed once for all, that the columns of the Microscope, are not, nor never were intended to be a recepticle for *Vile* aspersions, and ill founded rumors, against persons of good demeanor and moral habits. His piece is inadmissable.—'Tom Pole the barber,' although he shaves close, he cuts true; his production shall be forthcoming in our next.

☞NOTICE—I have on hand, and for sale, a few patent rights for *Crying the Hour*, after 10 o'clock at night Watchmen and others supplied on the most advantageous terms. Apply to

TIMOTHY TWIST,

No. 16½ Buckeye Alley, sign of the Lame-horse.

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